

THE SPENDERS

A TALE OF THE THIRD GENERATION

By HARRY LEON WILSON

Copyright by Lothrop Publishing Company.

"—and he had a chance to make some money, only the man he fought against had some of his friends drug this poor fellow before their meeting—and so of course he lost. If he hadn't been drugged he would have won the money, and now there's a law passed against it, and of course it isn't a very nice trade, but I think the law ought to be changed. He's got to live."

"I don't see why; not if he's the man I saw box one night last winter. He didn't have a single excuse for living. And what are these tickets—Grand Annual Outing and Games of the Egg-Candlers & Butter Drivers' Association at Sulzer's Hagley River Park. Ticket Admitting Lady and Gent. One Dollar. Heavens! What is it?"

"I promised to take ten tickets," said Mrs. Bines. "I must send them a check."

"But what are they?" her son insisted; "egg-candlers may be all right, but what are butter drivers? Are you quite sure it's respectable? Why, I ask you, should an honest man wish to drive butter? That shows you what life in a great city does for the morally weak. Look out you don't get mixed up in it yourself, that's all I ask. They'll have you driving butter first thing you know. Thank heaven! thus far no Bines has ever candled an egg—and as for driving butter—" he stopped, with a shudder of extreme repugnance.

"And here's a notice about the excursions of the St. John's Guild. I've been on four already, and I want you to get me back to New York right away for the others. If you could only see all those babies we take out on the floating hospital, with two men in little boats behind to pick up those that fall overboard—and really it's a wonder any of them live through the summer in that cruel city. Down in Hester street the other day four of them had a slice of watermelon from Mr. Silvinsky's stand on the corner, and when I saw them they were actually eating the hard, green rind. It was enough to kill a horse."

"Well, have your own fun," said her son, cheerfully. "Here's a letter from Uncle Peter I must read."

He drew his chair aside and began the letter:

Montana City, July 21, 1900.

Dear Pete: Your letter and Martha's rec'd, and glad to hear from you. I leave latter part of this week for the mts. Late setting out this season early. rhumatism caught last winter that laid me up all spring. It was so mortal. I'll have to let you folks go that I went out with a locating party to get the M. P. branch located ahead of the Short Line folks. So while you were having your fun there I was having mine here, and I had it good and plenty.

The worst weather I ever did see, and I have seen some bad. Snow six to eight feet on a level, and the mercury down as low as 22 with an orrery force wind. We lost four horses froze to death, and all but two of the men got froze up bad. We reached the head of Madison Valley Feb. 19, north of Red Bank Canyon, but it wasn't as easy as it sounds.

Jan. 8, after getting out of supplies, we abandoned our camp at Riverside and moved 10 m. down the river carrying what we could on our backs. Met pack train with a few supplies that night, and next day I took part of the force in boat to meet over-due load of supplies. We got froze in the ice. Let party to break through and took Billy Brue and went ahead to hunt team. Billy and me lived four days on one lb. bacon. The second day Billy took some sickness so he could not eat hardly any food; the next day he was worse, and the last day he was so bad he said the bare sight of food made him sick. I think he was far, because he wasn't troubled none after we got to supplies again, but I couldn't do anything with him, and so I lived high and come out sick and fat. Finally we found the team coming in. They had got stuck in the river and we had to carry out the load on our backs, waist-deep in running water. I see some man in the east has a fad for breaking the ice in the river and going swimming. I would not do it for any fad. Slept in snowdrift that night in wet clothes, mercury 40 below. Was 15 days going 33 miles. Broke wagon twice, then broke sled and crippled one horse. Packed the other five and went on till snow was too deep. Left the horses where four out of five died and carried supplies the rest of the way on our backs. Moved camp again on our backs and got caught in a blizzard and nearly all of us got lost again before we found the trail. Finally a Chinook opened the river and I took a boat up to get the abandoned camp. Got froze in it more than ever and had to walk out. Most of the men quit on account of frozen feet, etc. They are getting to be a silly lot these days, rather lie around a hot stove all winter.

I had to pull chain, cut brush and shovel snow after the 1st Feb. Our last stage was from Fire Hole Basin to Madison Valley, 45 m. It was hell. Didn't see the sun but once after Feb. 1, and it stormed incessant, making short sights necessary, and with each one we would have to dig a hole to the ground and often a ditch or a tunnel through the snow to look through. The snow was soft to the bottom and an instrument would sink through.

"Here's a fine letter to read on a hot day," called Percival. "I'm catching cold." He continued.

We have a very good line, better than from Beaver Canyon, our maps filled and construction under way; all grading done and some track laid. That's what you call hustling. The main drawback is that Red Bank canyon. It's a regular avalanche for eight miles. The snow slides right off the river. One just above our camp filled it for 1/4 mile and 40 feet deep and cut down 3 ft. trees like a razor shaves your face. I had to run to get out of the way. Reached Madison Valley with one tent and it looked more like mosquito bar than canvas. The old cloth wouldn't hardly hold the patches together. I slept out alone for six weeks. The tent didn't do a thing, and the rheumatism. I tell you, at 7 I ain't the man I used to be. I find I need a stout tent and a good warm sleeping bag for them kind of snow nowdays. Well, this western country would be pretty dull for you I suppose going to balls and parties every night with the Astors and Vanderbilts. I hope you ain't cut loose none.

By the way, that party that ground-blinded us, the woman who was with your pa when he died and who turned up later with a fake marriage certificate and will, I wonder he met a party in Spokane the other day that seen her in Paris last spring. She

was laying in a stock of ducks and the party gathered that she was going back to New York—

The Milbrees, father and son, came up and greeted the group on the piazza. "I've just frozen both ears reading a letter from my grandfather," said Percival. "Excuse me one moment and I'll be done."

"All right, old chap. I'll see if there's some mail for me. Dad can chat with the ladies. Ah, here's Mrs. Dreimer. Mornin'!"

Percival resumed his letter.

—going back to New York and make the society bluff. They say she's got the face to do it all right. Copien learned she came out here with a gambler from New Orleans and she was dealing bank herself up to Wallace for a spell while he was broke. This gambler he was the slickest short-card player ever struck hereabouts. He was too good. He was so good they shot him all up one night last fall over to Wardner. She hadn't lived with him for some time then, though Copien says they was awful man and wife, so I guess maybe she was glad when he got it good in the chest-place—

Fred Milbrey came out of the hotel office.

"No mail," he said. "Come, let's be getting along. Finish your letter on the way, Bines."

"I've just finished," said Percival, glancing down the last sheet.

—Copien says she is now calling herself Mrs. Bines Wybert or some such name. I just thought I'd tell you in case you might run across her and—

"Come along, old chap," urged Milbrey; "Mrs. Wybert will be waiting." His father had started off with Psyche. Mrs. Bines and Mrs. Dreimer were preparing to follow.

"I beg your pardon," said Percival. "I didn't quite catch the name."

"I say Mrs. Wybert and mother will be waiting—come along!"

"What name?"

"Wybert—Mrs. Brech Wybert—my friend—what's the matter?"

"We can't go—that is—we can't meet her. Sis, come back a moment," he called to Psyche, and then:

"I want a word with you and your father, Mr. Milbrey."

The two joined the elder Milbrey and the three strolled out to the flower-bordered walk, while Psyche Bines went, wondering, back to her mother.

"What's all the row?" inquired Fred Milbrey.

"You've been imposed upon. This woman—this Mrs. Brech Wybert—there can be no mistake; you are sure that's the name?"

"Of course I'm sure; she's the widow of a southern gentleman, Col. Brech Wybert, from New Orleans."

"Yes, the same woman. There is no doubt that you have been imposed upon. The thing to do is to drop her quick—she isn't right."

"In what way has my family been imposed upon, Mr. Bines?" asked the elder Milbrey, somewhat perturbed.

"Mrs. Wybert is a lady of family and large means—"

"Yes, I know, she has, or did have awhile ago, \$2,000,000 in cold cash."

"Well, Mr. Bines—"

"Can't you take my word for it, that she's not right—not the woman for your wife and daughter to meet?"

"Look here, Bines," the younger Milbrey spluttered, "this won't do, you know. If you've anything to say against Mrs. Wybert, you'll have to say it out and you'll have to be responsible to me, sir."

"Take my word that you've been imposed upon; she's not—not the kind of person you would care to know, to be thrown—"

"I and my family have found her quite acceptable, Mr. Bines," interposed the sister stily. "Her deportment is scrupulously correct, and I am in full confidence regarding certain very extensive investments—she cannot be an impostor, sir!"

"But I tell you she isn't right," insisted Percival, warmly.

"Oh, I see," said the younger Milbrey—his face clearing all at once. "It's all right, dad, come on!"

"If you insist," said Percival, "but none of us can meet her."

"It's all right, dad—I understand—"

"Nor can we know anyone who receives her."

"Really, sir," began the elder Milbrey, "your effrontery in assuming to dictate the visiting list of my family is overwhelming."

"If you won't take my word I shall have to dictate so far as I have any

personal control over it."

"Don't mind him, dad—I know all about it, I tell you—I'll explain later to you."

"Why," exclaimed Percival, stung to the revelation, "that woman, this woman now waiting with your wife and daughter, was my—"

"Stop, Mr. Bines—not another word, if you please!" The father raised his hand in graceful dismissal. "Let this terminate the acquaintance between our families! No more, sir!" and he turned away, followed by his son. As they walked out through the grounds and turned up the street the younger man spoke excitedly, while his father slightly bent his head to listen, with an air of distant dignity.

"What's the trouble, Perc?" asked his sister, as he joined the group on the piazza.

"The trouble is that we've just had to cut that fine old New York family off our list."

"What, not the Milbrees!" exclaimed Mrs. Dreimer.

"The same. Now mind, sis, and you, ma—you're not to know them again—and mind this—if anyone else wants to present you to a Mrs. Wybert—a Mrs. Brech Wybert—don't you let them. Understand?"

"I thought as much," said Mrs. Dreimer; "she acted just the least bit too right."

"Well, I haven't my hammer with me—but remember, now, sis, it's for something else than because her father's cravats were the ready-to-wear kind, or because her worthy old grandfather inhaled his soup. Don't forget that."

"As there isn't anything else to do," he suggested, a few moments later, "why not get under way and take a run up the coast?"

"But I must get back to my babies," said Mrs. Bines, plaintively. "Here I've been away four days."

"All right, ma, I suppose we shall have to take you there, only let's get out of here right away. We can bring sis and you back, Mrs. Dreimer, when those people we don't know get off again. There's Mauburn; I'll tell him."

"I'll have my dunnage down directly," said Mauburn.

Up the street driving a pony cart came Avie Milbrey. Obeying a quick impulse, Percival stepped to the curb as she came opposite to him. She pulled over. She was radiant in the fluffs of summer white, her hat and gown touched with bits of the same vivid blue that shone in her eyes. The impulse that had prompted him to hail her now prompted wild words. His long habit of thought concerning her enabled him to master this foolishness. But at least he could give her a friendly word of warning. She greeted him with the pretty reserve in her manner that had long marked her bearing toward him.

"Good morning! I've borrowed this cart of Elsie Valner to drive down to the yacht station for lost mail. Isn't the day perfect—and isn't this the dearest, fat, sleepy pony, with his hair in his eyes?"

"Miss Milbrey, there's a woman who seems to be a friend of your family—a Mrs.—"

"Mrs. Wybert; yes, you know her?"

"No, I'd never seen her until last night, nor heard that name until this morning; but I know of her."

"Yes?"

"It became necessary just now—really, it is not fair of me to speak to you at all—"

"Why, pray?—not fair?"

"I had to tell your father and brother that we could not meet Mrs. Wybert, and couldn't know anyone who received her."

"There! I knew the woman wasn't right directly I heard her speak. Surely a word to my father was enough."

"But it wasn't, I'm sorry to say. Neither he nor your brother would take my word, and when I started to give my reasons—something it would have been very painful for me to do—your father refused to listen, and declared the acquaintance between our families at an end."

"Oh!"

"It hurt me in a way I can't tell you, and now, even this talk with you is off-side play. Miss Milbrey!"

"Mr. Bines!"

"I wouldn't have said what I did to your father and brother without good reason."

"I am sure of that, Mr. Bines."

"Without reasons I was sure of, you know, so there could be no chance of any mistake."

"Your word is enough for me, Mr. Bines."

"Miss Milbrey—you and I—there's always been something between us—something different from what is between most people. We've never talked straight out since I came to New York—I'll be sorry, perhaps, for saying as much as I am saying, after awhile—but we may not talk again at all—I'm afraid you may misunderstand me."

"I promise you I shall not, Mr. Bines; they can row if they like."

"And yet it doesn't seem fair to have you promise as if it were a consideration for me, because I've no right to ask it. But if I felt sure that you took my word quite as if I were a stranger, and relied upon it enough to have no communication or intercourse of any sort whatsoever with her, it would be a great satisfaction to me."

"I shall not meet her again. And—thank you! There was a slight unsteadiness once in her voice, and he could almost have sworn her eyes showed that old brave wistfulness."

"—and quite as if you were a stranger."

"Thank you; and Miss Milbrey?"

"Yes?"

"Your brother may become entangled in some way with this woman."

"It's entirely possible."

Her voice was cool and even again. "He might even marry her."

"She has money, I believe; he might—"

(To be Continued.)

A FOOLISH PLAN



This is a joy to eat—I welcome my dinner hour! Because I rout indigestion with August Flower!

Constipation is the result of indigestion, biliousness, flatulency, loss of appetite, self-poisoning, anemia, emaciation, uric acid, neuralgia in various parts of the system, catarrhal inflammation of the intestinal canal, and numerous other ailments that rob life of its pleasures if they do not finally rob you of life itself.

"I'm bound in the bowels," is a common expression of people who look miserable and are miserable—yet who persist in "letting nature take its course."

What a foolish plan, when nature could be aided by the use of Green's August Flower, which is nature's own remedy for constipation and all stomach ills.

August Flower gives new life to the liver and insures healthy stools.

Two sizes, 25c and 75c. All druggists.

Sold by—
Alvey & List and G. C. Kolb.

Vegetarian Athletes.

It would almost seem that athletic records are set up by meat eaters only in order that they may be knocked down by vegetarians, says the London Daily News.

Last year George Allen knocked seven days off the walking record from Land's End to John o' Groats, and now G. A. Olley has lowered the unpaced cycling record over the same route by eleven hours, which is a feat that is likely to remain unequalled for some time to come.

Strict training is indispensable to those severe athletic feats, and a most important part of that training depends upon diet. It is not true that diet is everything, but it is so much that these repeated victories by vegetarians are the best advertisement that can be given.

The grand challenge has not yet been won by a vegetarian crew, or even the diamonds by a graminivorous sculler, but it certainly seems that the physically active man whose digestion is equal to it keeps himself in best condition without tasting meat.

How much intellectual vegetarians like George Bernard Shaw owe to the things that eat or do not eat is a question that will take longer to thresh out. At any rate, the day has gone by when vegetarianism was looked upon as a mild—but fairly certain form of suicide.

Ballard's Horehound Syrup.

Immediately relieves hoarse croupy cough; oppressed, rattling rasping and difficult breathing. Henry C. Stearns, druggist, Shullsburg, Wis., writes, May 20, 1902: "I have been selling Ballard's Horehound Syrup for two years, and have never had a preparation that has given better satisfaction. I notice that when I sell a bottle they come back for more. I can honestly recommend it. 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Sold by Alvey & List."

Notice to Contractors.

Notice is hereby given that sealed bids will be received by me in behalf of the county, at my office in the court house, on Saturday, the 14th of April, 1906, at 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of furnishing to the county gravel for repairing the Hinkleville and Lovelleville gravel road. The contractor will not be required to spread the gravel, but the same will be received by the county's inspector upon the road as delivered. The bids are expected to be received upon the yard as for the furnishing of said gravel.

The undersigned reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

Dated April 5th, 1906.

E. B. JOHNSON, Road Sup.

HEALTH IS YOUTH.

Disease and Sickness Bring Old Age. Herbine, taken every morning before breakfast, will keep you in robust health, fit you to ward off disease. It cures constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, fever skin, liver and kidney complaints. It purifies the blood and clears the complexion.

Mrs. D. W. Smith, Whitney, Tex., writes April 3, 1902: "I have used Herbine and find it the best medicine for constipation and liver troubles. It does all you claim for it. I can highly recommend it. 50c. Sold by Alvey & List."

How He Knew.

Wedderly—"That milliner of yours must be a bird."

Mrs. Wedderly—"Nonsense! She has neither wings nor feathers."

Wedderly—"Yes, but just look at this bill of hers."

Cures Coughs and Colds.

Mrs. C. Peterson, 625 Lake St., Topeka, Kans., says: "Of all cough remedies Ballard's Horehound Syrup is my favorite; it has done and will do all that is claimed for it—to speedily cure all coughs and colds—and it is so sweet and pleasant to the taste."

Sold by Alvey & List.

Walking Around the World.

William F. Krause of Detroit, Mich., who is making a tour around the world by foot arrived in Cairo last Friday evening. He is traveling for his health, being afflicted with consumption. He left Los Angeles on his present trip December 28. He weighed 116 pounds when he started but now weighs 152. He sleeps and eats in the open air.

A Dandy New Turns.

Dr. Bergin Pana, Ill., writes: "I have used Ballard's Snow Liniment; always recommend it to my friends, as I am confident there is no better made. It is a dandy for burns. Those who live on farms are especially liable to many accidental cuts, burns, bruises, which heal rapidly when Ballard's Snow Liniment is applied. It should always be kept in the house for cases of emergency." 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Sold by Alvey & List.

A Timely Suggestion.

(From Louisville Post.)

Lieut. Gov. Thorne, while the governor is absent, should issue a blanket pardon for the late legislature. If he does not pardon it, no one else will.

Backache, Pain in the Hips and Groins.

In most cases are direct results of WEAK KIDNEYS and INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER. The strain on the kidneys and in flamed membranes lining the neck of the bladder producing these pains.

LARK'S KIDNEY GLOBES WILL CURE IT.

Two doses give relief, and one box will cure any ordinary case of Kidney or Bladder trouble. Removes Gravel, cures Diabetes, Seminal Emissions, Weak and Lame Back, Rheumatism and all irregularities of the Kidneys and Bladder in both men and women. Sold at 50 cents a box on the No Cure No Pay basis by McPherson's drug store, Fourth and Broadway, sole agents for Paducah, or sent by mail upon receipt of price to Lark Medicine Co., Louisville, Ky.

THE BIG FOUR

(New York Central Lines.)

THE BEST LINE TO INDIANAPOLIS, PEORIA, CHICAGO

And all points in Indiana and Michigan.

TOLEDO, DETROIT, CLEVELAND, BUFFALO, NEW YORK, BOSTON

And all points East.

Information cheerfully furnished on application at City Ticket Office "Big Four Route," No. 259 Fourth Ave., or write to

S. J. GATES, Gen'l Agt. Passenger Department, Louisville, Ky.

H. J. RHEIN, Gen. Pass. Agt., Cincinnati, O.

Henry Mammen, Jr.

Removed to Third and Kentucky. Book Binding, Bank Work, Legal and Library Work a specialty.

Easter Toilet Needs

Your new Easter raiment will lose its attractiveness unless you have a perfect toilet to go with it. A neat coiffure will set off your Easter hat. A fair complexion and soft, white hands will make your Easter dress far more effective.

We have all manner of pure, fresh toilet preparations. Use the Rexall Toilet Requisites—particularly REXALL "93" HAIR TONIC. We are familiar with its formula—it will aid you in giving a silkiness and brilliancy to the hair for a neat coiffure.

REXALL CREAM OF ALMONDS is pure, wholesome and delicious, and insures a soft, clear skin, fair complexion and white hands. Sold with the Rexall guarantee. M'PHERSON'S DRUG STORE.

JEWELRY

that will charm and delight the judge of fine gems. Rings, Brooches, Ornamental Combs, Chains, Bracelets, etc.

WATCHES

for Ladies and Gentlemen, in gold, silver or gunmetal, Cigarette Cases, Match Boxes, Cigar Cutters, etc. All sorts of dainty pieces of silver for my "Lady's" dressing table.

WARREN & WARREN.

\$500 PIANO

Goes to Highest Bidder April 21

Send bids by mail—will be opened Saturday, April 21, 1906.

We do this in order to get the name of ever person in Paducah and McCracken county wanting a piano. This is a high grade Bush & Lane Piano, full size plain Colonial design, walnut or mahog.

finish, is double veneered, full iron frame, deep, sweet, soft tone and certainly is a beauty—guaranteed 20 years. If your bid be \$10, \$20, \$30 or \$50, or any amount, have the money ready plus \$2.00 for drayage, as your bid may be the highest and you would be surprised to get this beautiful piano at your own price. Fill out the coupon below and send it together with a 2c stamp for a nice picture and a full description of the above piano. We want your name and address, and the stamp without opening your bid, otherwise your bid will be opened. We would be pleased to have you call and see the above piano at

THE PADUCAH MUSIC STORE, 428 Broadway

Paducah Music Store

My bid is cash for the Bush & Lane Piano as advertised in the

Name Address

VISIT OUR MAMMOTH STORE

And see our electrical display and machine shop and factory.

House Wiring Correctly Done

Foreman Bros. Novelty Co.

Incorporated 121-123 N. Fourth St. Phones 757

CITY TRANSFER CO

Now located at Glauber's Stable.

We are ready for all kinds of hauling. TELEPHONE 499

MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS

They overcome Weakness, irregularity and omissions, increase vigor and banish "pains" or "aches" to girls at womanhood, aiding development of organs and body. No known remedy for women equals them. Cannot do harm—life becomes a pleasure. \$1.00 PER BOX BY MAIL. Sold by druggists. DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

SOLD BY ALVEY & LIST AND G. C. KOLB, PADUCAH, KY.

ABRAM L. WEIL & CO

CAMPBELL BLOCK

Telephone Office, 369; Residence, 79.

INSURANCE

DRAUGHON'S Business Colleges

(Incorporated.)

PADUCAH, 312-316 Broadway, and NASHVILLE

27 Colleges in 15 States. POSITIONS secured or money REFUND—also teach by MAIL. Catalogue will convince you that Draughon's is THE BEST. Call or send for it.

St. Louis and Tennessee River Packet Company

FOR TENNESSEE RIVER

STEAMER CLYDE

Leaves Paducah for Tennessee River Every Wednesday at 4 p. m.

WM. T. HUNTER, Master. EUGENE ROBINSON, Clerk.